

# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE,

AND

## SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

---

Vol. 40.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. 6.

---

THE LATE DR. BETHUNE,

His Interest in Seamen—His Efforts for Their Welfare.

The recent appearance of Dr. Bethune's Memoirs,\* by his personal friend and colleague, Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D. D., calls to mind several facts showing the deep concern which this departed great man always had in seamen.

So early in his ministry as November, 1826, (he was licensed July 11 of that year), he gave himself with great earnestness to preaching the Gospel to sailors in Savannah, Geo. In a letter to his mother, dated December 11, he says: "Among the sailors my engagements are peculiarly delightful. To the number of two hundred and fifty they crowd around me and listen with the most breathless attention, and receive the tracts with a grateful expression which is, I hope, indicative of good feeling. The mildness of the climate enables me to preach on the deck of the ship," &c. The fact was,

(says his biographer,) that his knowledge of the character of seamen, together with his perfect familiarity with nautical phrases and sea life, rendered his services among sailors extremely popular and successful. One of his hearers expressed the idea: "I like to hear you because you know the ropes."

The following anecdote is related on page 66 of his Memoir:

"While in Savannah and preaching in the Bethel Chapel, the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church proposed an exchange. To this proposal Mr. Bethune was slow to respond, well knowing Jack's dislike to see "a new hand at the wheel." But after due warning of the peculiarity of his salt-water congregation, consent was given. During the ensuing week, he, meeting one of his charge naturally inquired how the boys liked the minister whom he had sent. Jack bluntly condemned him and called him 'an old land-lubber.' 'Ah,' said the Pastor, 'that is wrong, you must not call the min-

---

(\*) Life and Letters of Rev. Geo. W. Bethune, D. D. New York, Sheldon & Co., 498 Broadway.

ister of the gospel a land-lubber.' 'Yes, but he is a land-lubber;' replied the tar. 'Why, he talked about the anchor of hope, and spun a long yarn, of a storm at sea and a ship coming near land and in the very breakers. Then he said, 'what would you do but heave out your anchor?' Now, in such a case, I'd like to know, what in creation we could do with an anchor? No, no, we would order all hands on deck and try to claw her off shore.' So the sailor walked off triumphantly, feeling justified in his assertion. Dr. Bethune, in after life, often told this anecdote with great relish."

In writing to his mother, under date of January 12, 1827, he says: "On Sabbath last, my Captains came around me, after I had preached from that passage in Proverbs, 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,' and said they ought to show themselves friendly, and proposed that on the next Sabbath, I should take up a collection for tracts, &c.\* \* \* My audiences increase rather than diminish and their attention is unequalled by any congregation I have ever preached to, and I have more than once seen tears streaming down a hard, weather-beaten cheek."

Further on he says: "One interesting circumstance I must mention, that on board of the Scotch ship where I preached this morning, there was a larger attendance than at any time previous, and you might notice the crew with each his Bible, turning to the text as if they were in the kirk at home. The tract collection amounted to fifteen dollars and fifty cents, whereas my brightest hopes did not extend beyond five dollars. One old fellow came up with two cents between his thumb and finger, remarking that he would give more, to-morrow, when he got paid off."

A correspondent says of Dr. Bethune in a letter to his biographer, "rude boatmen of the St. Lawrence speak, to this day, of his Christian interest and benevolent action on their behalf." It was for these men that he successfully exerted himself in the erection of the Church of the Thousand Islands.

The following familiar hymn, which is inserted in all the hymn-books as anonymous, is given in the Memoir as Dr. Bethune wrote it.

#### THE SAILORS' HYMN.

"Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O, Lord, to know  
Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe.  
Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou, the faithful watch art keeping,  
'All, all's well!' thy constant cheer.

And though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce, though flash the lightnings red,  
Darkly, though the storm cloud's scowling,  
O'er the sailor's anxious head;  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All is noise and tumult still,  
Hush the billow's wild commotion,  
At the bidding of thy will.

Thus my heart the hope will cherish,  
While to Heaven I lift mine eye,  
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,  
Thou wilt hear me when I cry;  
And, though mast and sail be riven,  
Life's short voyage soon be o'er,  
Safely moored in Heaven's wide haven,  
Storms and tempests vex no more."

Dr. Bethune's address at the Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, May, 1848, was one of his happiest efforts. As showing his interest in the cause, and for the valuable thought it contains, we reproduce it here:

"Suppose," said he, "that every ship that sails from this port, every ship especially that stretches, her course into those quarters of the world where 'the darkness of the shadow of death,' is still on the nations, were manned by Christian sea-



men, commanded by pious officers, and were followed by the prayers of pious merchants, as eager that those ships should be made tributary to the glory of God, that those men should be made instrumental in carrying light among the destitute, as that they should bring home the profits of commercial enterprise, what would be the consequence? How soon would this earth be blessed with the knowledge of the Lord, and all nations rejoice in the blessing of that light which shines over us! This is what the Christian world must come to. Our religion does not inculcate piety merely for one day in the week, to take one dollar out of a thousand and put it into the treasury of the Lord. It should be like leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, pervading our whole life, and making our daily occupation sacred to God. Consecrating every instrumentality of our worldly comfort and prosperity, by making it subservient to the great cause of salvation throughout the whole world.

And where, if this doctrine be true, is this instrumentality so full of promise, or so certain, under Divine blessing, of success, as in the opportunities offered by the Seamen's Friend Society? He did not propose to enter into all the romance thrown around the seaman's character. A great many reckless and jovial characteristics he possessed on land. They afforded opportunities for a display of rhetoric, but practically, the sailor was like other men, born with the same naked depravities, exposed to the same temptations, and needing precisely the same grace of God that converted Paul, Mary Magdalene, or any sinner on the face of the earth. It was no more difficult for that grace to convert the sailor than the landmen. Either, according to his faith, was miraculous; a work great as creation. But when we believe it is the power of God, we believe that that power is promised to earnest faith; and the word which says, 'That which we sow, we shall also reap,' is the only encouragement which leads us on in this great work of attempting to

evangelize the men of the sea. But the sailor has claims on us, not from his peculiar generosity or characteristics, which make it better or worse.

The soul of one man, all other things being equal, is worth as much as another; but, when converted, it may be worth more than another, in the influence which it may bring to bear on the world. If the sailor is going to distant lands, to a nation resembling our own at one time, to the shores cursed by the superstitions of Rome at another; on one voyage to a part darkened by the faith of the False Prophet, or upon another, to one where demonism shrouds its people in the absurdities of a cruel feticism; the conversion of this wanderer of the seas, who comes as near ubiquity as any man can, is worth, in this light, more than the conversion of ten ordinary men that stay at home, every night sleeping in the same bed, and every Sabbath worshipping in the same church. God, in his providence, made great use of common men, but the conversion of these was not equal, in its influence, in the world at large, to the conversion of one intelligent sailor who travels over the earth.

Again, the sailor claims especial care, not because of his aptness or unaptness to receive instruction. God, by his Spirit, makes that soil the least promising, the most fruitful. But God works by means. We have Christian churches everywhere; but it is not so for the sailor. He is a few days in port, and many days at sea; one Sabbath within reach of the Gospel, and three, four, five, perhaps a year or two, where no Sabbath bell is heard, no gospel preached, and no Christian influence brought to bear; and because the sailor has not a Sabbath in ten that we have, should we work ten times as hard to do the sailor good on that Sabbath, as we do to serve ordinary men any common Sabbath of the year.

We want to intensify our labor for the sailor, because when we catch him, it is only for a little time; while

the minister can preach to the ordinary people, if they will keep awake to hear him, every Sunday in the year. This society provides for the sailor at home, every accommodation; and, not content to bless him at home, it follows him abroad; and it was the great purpose of the charity, next to giving the sailor an opportunity of instruction here, to send the gospel to meet him everywhere he goes. Funds alone were needed to carry out fully this object; for wherever there is a port which gathers together a sufficient number of American ships to make a congregation, there were they ready to offer the gospel, with all the instrumentalities that surround it, as an appointed means of blessing to the world.

No harbor in which ships bearing the American flag are crowded, should be without a due provision for the dissemination of religious truth. Think of the example our country recently set to the world, perhaps too long delayed, but not the less glorious since manifested. A man, not a native of this country, a fugitive from the land of his birth, where his struggles in the cause of freedom, giving them the best interpretation, compromised his safety, passing, as it were, only under the shadow of the American flag, that shadow consecrates him as under the protection of a mighty nation; and there, one who wears the uniform of this country, declares, in the face of a triple force, that he is safe; that he must be delivered up into the hands of those representing the dignity of that country, whose protection he

claimed. And what has been the result?

The dignity of our country has been elevated in the estimation of the world. The name of the gallant Captain Ingraham cannot be uttered without calling forth the acclamations of his countrymen. (Applause.)

But, while doing him honor, he (Rev. Dr. Bethune) was not the less certain that there was not an officer in our American navy that was not prepared to do the same for an American, wherever found. Now, they wanted the church to be as faithful to the sailor, as the country is to her citizen; that the sailor, wherever he goes, might know that there is a friend armed with the panoply of the gospel, to shield him from the dangers, worse, a thousand-fold, than a foreign dungeon, chains, or temporal death; a friend that could lash his soul safe, as it were, to the cross that should float him safely over the waters to Heaven.

Wherever we have a commerce, wherever the American flag is unfurled, there is truth, defence, and a nation pledged for the safety of its citizens, who had the right to worship God as conscience should dictate. And every administration that should not get the privilege for them, should be turned out one after another. But what we ask, is more than the right to worship God as we desire; the opportunity, the church, the preacher, the communion vessels, the Bible, the hymn book, all the associations of Christianity, all consolations when away from our dear America, wherever we go, under the combined flags of the Bethel, and of the American nation."

---

## TORNADOES.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S.

The inhabitants of the earth are subjected to agencies which—beneficial, doubtless, in the long run, perhaps necessary to the very existence of terrestrial races—appear, at first sight, energetically destructive. Such are—in order of destructiveness—the hurricane, the earthquake, the volca-

no, and the thunder-storm. When we read of earthquakes, such as those which overthrew Lisbon, Callao, and Riobamba, and learn that one hundred thousand persons fell victims in the great Sicilian earthquake in 1693, and probably three hundred thousand in the two earthquakes which assailed



Antioch, in the years 526 and 612, we are disposed to assign at once to this devastating phenomenon the foremost place among the agents of destruction. But this judgment must be reversed when we consider that earthquakes—though so fearfully and suddenly destructive both to life and property—yet occur but seldom compared with wind-storms, while the effects of a real hurricane are scarcely less destructive than those of the sharpest shocks of earthquake. After ordinary storms, long miles of the sea-coast are strewn with the wrecks of many once gallant ships, and with the bodies of their hapless crews. In the spring of 1866, there might be seen at a single view from the heights of Plymouth twenty-two shipwrecked vessels, and this after a storm, which, though severe, was but trifling compared with the hurricanes which swept over the torrid zones, and thence, scarcely diminished in force, as far north sometimes as our own latitudes. It was in such a hurricane that the *Royal Charter* was wrecked, and hundreds of stout ships with her. In the great hurricane of 1780, which commenced at Barbadoes, and swept across the whole breadth of the North Atlantic, fifty sails were driven ashore at the Bermudas, two line-of-battle ships went down at sea, and upwards of twenty thousand persons lost their lives on the land. So tremendous was the force of this hurricane (Captain Maury tells us) that “the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted,—forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried in the air like chaff; houses were razed; ships wrecked; and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm,”—an account, however, which (though doubtless faithfully rendered by Maury, from the authorities he consulted) must perhaps be accepted *cum grano*, and especially with reference to the great guns carried in the air “like chaff.”\*

In the gale of August, 1782, all the

trophies of Lord Rodney's victory, except the *Ardent*, were destroyed, two British ships-of-the-line foundered at sea, numbers of merchantmen under Admiral Grave's convoy were wrecked, and at sea alone three thousand lives were lost.

But, quite recent, a storm far more destructive than these swept over the Bay of Bengal. Most of our readers doubtless remember the great gale of October, 1864, in which all the ships in harbor at Calcutta were swept from their anchorage, and driven one upon another in inextricable confusion. Fearful as was the loss of life and property in Calcutta harbor, the destruction on land was greater. A vast wave swept for miles over the surrounding country, embankments were destroyed, and whole villages, with their inhabitants, swept away. Fifty thousand souls, it is believed, perished in this fearful hurricane.

The gale which has just ravaged the Gulf of Mexico adds another to the long list of disastrous hurricanes. As we write, the effects produced by this tornado are beginning to be made known. Already its destructiveness has become but too certainly evidenced.

The laws which appear to regulate the generation and the progress of cyclonic storms are well worthy of careful study.

The regions chiefly infested by hurricanes are the West Indies, the southern parts of the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the China seas. Each region has its special hurricane season.

In the West Indies, cyclones occur principally in August and September, when the southern monsoons are at their height. At the same season the African southwesterly monsoons are blowing. Accordingly there are two sets of winds, both blowing heavily and steadily from the Atlantic, disturbing the atmospheric equilibrium, and thus in all probability generating the great West India hurricanes. The storms thus arising show their force first at a distance of about six

\* We remember to have read that in this hurricane guns which had long lain under water were washed up like mere drift upon the beach. Perhaps this circumstance grew gradually into the incredible story above recorded.

or seven hundred miles from the equator, and far to the east of the region in which they attain their greatest fury. They sweep with a northwesterly course to the Gulf of Mexico, pass thence northwards, and so to the northeast, sweeping in a wide curve (resembling the letter U placed thus  $\sqcup$ ) around the West Indian seas, and thence travelling across the Atlantic, generally expending their fury before they reach the shores of Western Europe. This course is the storm-track (or storm  $\sqcup$  as we shall call it). Of the behavior of the winds as they traverse this track, we shall have to speak when we come to consider the peculiarity from which these storms derive their names of "cyclones" and "tornadoes."

The hurricanes of the Indian Ocean occur at the "changing of the monsoons." "During the interregnum," writes Maury, "the fiends of the storm hold their terrific sway." Be-calmed, often, for a day or two, seamen hear moaning sounds in the air, forewarning them of the coming storm. Then, suddenly, the winds break loose from the forces which have for a while controlled them, and "seem to rage with a fury that would break up the fountains of the deep."

In the North Indian seas hurricanes rage at the same season as in the West Indies.

In the Chinese seas occur those fearful gales known among sailors as "typhoons," or "white squalls."—These take place at the changing of the monsoons. Generated, like the West Indian hurricanes, at a distance of some ten or twelve degrees from the equator, typhoons sweep in a curve similar to that followed by the Atlantic storms around the East Indian Archipelago, and the shores of China to the Japanese Islands.

There occurred land-storms also, of a cyclonic character in the valley of the Mississippi. "I have often observed the paths of such storms," says Maury, "through the forests of the Mississippi. There the tracks of these tornadoes is called a 'wind-road,' because they make an avenue through the wood straight along, and as clear of trees as if the old denizens

of the forest had been cleared with an axe. I have seen trees three or four feet in diameter torn up by the roots, and the top, with its limbs, lying next the hole whence the root came." Another writer, who was an eyewitness to the progress of one of these American land-storms, thus speaks of its destructive effects: "I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest were falling into pieces. A mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust moved through the air, whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and passing, disclosed a wide space filled with broken trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest."

If it appeared, on a careful comparison of observations made in different places, that these winds swept directly along those tracks which they appear to follow, a comparatively simple problem would be presented to the meteorologist. But this is not found to be the case. At one part of a hurricane's course the storm appears to be traveling with fearful fury along the true storm- $\sqcup$ ; at another less furiously directly across the storm-track; at another, but with yet diminished force, though still fiercely, in a direction exactly opposite to that of the storm-track.

All these motions appear to be fairly accounted for by the theory that the true path of the storm is a spiral—or rather, that while the centre of disturbance continually travels onwards in a widely extended curve, the storm-wind sweeps continually around the centre of disturbance, as a whirlpool around its vortex.

And here a remarkable circumstance attracts our notice, the consideration of which points to the mode in which cyclones may be conceived to be generated. It is found, by a careful study of different observations made upon the same storm, that cyclones in the northern hemisphere *invariably* sweep round the onward travelling vortex of disturbance in *one* direction, and southern cyclones in the contrary direction. If we place a watch-face upwards upon one of the northern cyclone regions in a Mercator's chart, then the motion of the



hands is *contrary* to the direction in which the cyclone whirls; when the watch is shifted to a southern cyclone region, the motion of the hands takes place in the same direction as the cyclone motion. This peculiarity is converted into the following rule-of-thumb for sailors who encounter a cyclone, and seek to escape from the region of fiercest storm: *Facing the wind, the centre or vortex of the storm lies to the right in the northern, to the left in the southern hemisphere.* Safety lies in flying from the centre in every case save one,—that is, when the sailor lies in the direct track of the advancing vortex. In this case, to fly from the centre would be to keep in the storm-track; the proper course for the sailor when thus situated is to steer for the calmer side of the storm-track. This is always the outside of the  $\square$ , as will appear from a moment's consideration of the spiral curve traced out by a cyclone. Thus, if the seaman *scud before the wind*—in all other cases a dangerous expedient in a cyclone\*—he will probably escape unscathed. There is, however, this danger, that the storm-track may extend to or even slightly overlap the land, in which case scudding before the gale would bring the ship upon a lee-shore. And in this way many gallant ships have, doubtless, suffered wreck.

The danger of the sailor is obviously greater, however, when he is overtaken by the storm on the inner side of the storm- $\square$ . Here he has to encounter the double force of the cyclonic whirl and of the advancing storm-system, instead of the difference of the two motions, as on the outer side of the storm-track. His chance of escape will depend on his distance from the central path of the cyclone. If near to this, it is equally dangerous for him to attempt to scud to the safer side of the track, or to beat against the wind by the shorter course, which would lead him out of the storm- $\square$  on its inner side. It has been shown by Colonel Sir W.

Reid that this is the quarter in which vessels have been most frequently lost.


But even the danger of this most dangerous quarter admits of degrees. It is greatest where the storm is sweeping round the most curved part of its track, which happens in about latitude twenty-five or thirty degrees. In this case, a ship may pass twice through the vortex of the storm. Here hurricanes have worked their most destructive effects. And thus it happens that sailors dread, most of all, the part of the Atlantic near Florida and the Bahamas, and the region of the Indian Ocean which lies south of Bourbon and Mauritius.

To show how important it is that captains should understand the theory of cyclones in both hemispheres, we shall here relate the manner in which Captain J. V. Hall escaped from a typhoon of the China seas. About noon, when three days out from Macao, Captain Hall saw "a most wild and uncommon-looking halo round the sun." On the afternoon of the next day, the barometer had commenced to fall rapidly; and though, as yet, the weather was fine, orders were at once given to prepare for a heavy gale. Towards evening, a bank of cloud was seen in the southeast; but when night closed, the weather was still calm and the water smooth, though the sky looked wild and a scud was coming on from the northeast. "I was much interested," says Captain Hall, "in watching for the commencement of the gale, which I now felt sure was coming. That bank to the southeast was the meteor (cyclone) approaching us, the northeast scud the outer northwest portion of it; and when at night a strong gale came on about north, or north-northwest, I felt certain we were on its western and southwestern verge. It rapidly increased in violence; but I was pleased to see the wind veering to the northwest, as it convinced me that I had put the ship on the right track, namely, on the star-board-tack, standing, of course, to the southwest. From ten A. M. to three P. M. it blew with great violence, but the ship being well pre-

\* A ship by scudding before the gale may—if the captain is not familiar with the laws of cyclones—go round and round without escaping. The ship "Charles Huddle" did this in the East Indies, going round no less than *five times*.

pared rode comparatively easy. The barometer was now very low, the centre of the storm passing to the northward of us, to which we might have been very near had we in the first part put the ship on the larboard tack."

But the most remarkable point of Captain Hall's account remains to be mentioned. He had gone out of his course to avoid the storm; but when the wind fell to a moderate gale, he thought it a pity to lie so far from his proper course, and made sail to the northwest. "In less than two hours the barometer again began to fall and the storm to rage in heavy gusts. He bore again to the southeast, and the weather rapidly improved." There can be little doubt that but for Captain Hall's knowledge of the law of cyclones, his ship and crew would have been placed in serious jeopardy, since in the heart of a Chinese typhoon a ship has been known to be thrown on her beam-ends when not showing a yard of canvas.

If we consider the regions in which cyclones appear, the paths they follow, and the direction in which they whirl, we shall be able to form a guess at their origin. In the open Pacific Ocean (as its name, indeed, implies) storms are uncommon; they are unfrequent also in the South Atlantic and South Indian Oceans. Around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, heavy storms prevail, but they are not cyclonic, nor are they equal in fury and frequency, Maury tells us, to the true tornado. Along the equator, and for several degrees on either side of it, cyclones are also unknown. If we turn to a map in which ocean-currents are laid down, we shall see that in every "cyclone region" there is a strongly marked current, and that each current follows closely the track which we have denominated the storm-. In the North Atlantic we have the great Gulf Stream, which sweeps from equatorial regions into the Gulf of Mexico, and thence across the Atlantic to the shores of Western Europe. In the South Indian Ocean there is the "south-equatorial current," which sweeps past Mauritius and Bourbon, and thence returns to-

wards the east. In the Chinese Sea, there is the north equatorial current, which sweeps round the East Indian Archipelago, and then merges into the Japanese current. There is also the current in the Bay of Bengal, flowing through the region in which, as we have seen, cyclones are commonly met with. There are other sea-currents besides these which yet breed no cyclones. But we may notice two peculiarities in the currents we have named. They all flow from equatorial to temperate regions, and, secondly, they are all "horseshoe currents." So far as we are aware, there is but one other current which presents both these peculiarities, namely,—the great Australian current between New Zealand and the eastern shores of Australia. We have not yet met with any record of cyclones occurring over the Australian current, but heavy storms are known to prevail in that region, and we believe that when these storms have been studied as closely as the storms in better-known regions, they will be found to present the true cyclonic character.

Now, if we inquire why an ocean current traveling from the equator should be a "storm-breeder," we shall find a ready answer. Such a current, carrying the warmth of intertropical regions to the temperate zones, produces in the first place, by the mere difference of temperature, important atmospheric disturbances. The difference is so great, that Franklin suggested the use of the thermometer in the North Atlantic Ocean as a ready means of determining the longitude, since the position of the Gulf Stream, at any given season, is almost constant.

But the warmth of the stream itself is not the only cause of atmospheric disturbance. Over the warm water vapor is continually rising; and, as it rises, is continually condensed (like the steam from a locomotive) by the colder air round. "An observer on the moon," says Captain Maury, "would, on a winter's day, be able to trace out, by the mist in the air, the path of the Gulf Stream through the sea." But what must happen when vapor is condensed?



We know that to turn water into vapor is a process requiring—that is, *using up*—a large amount of heat; and, conversely, the return of vapor to the state of water sets *free* an equivalent quantity of heat. The amount of heat thus set free over the Gulf Stream is thousands of times greater than that which would be generated by the whole coal supply annually raised in Great Britain. Here, then, we have an efficient cause for the wildest hurricanes. For, along the whole of the Gulf Stream, from Bemini to the Grand Banks, there is a channel of heated, that is, *rarefied air*. Into this channel the denser atmosphere on both sides is continually pouring, with greater or less strength, and when a storm begins in the Atlantic, it always makes for this channel, “and, reaching it, turns and follows it in its course, sometimes entirely across the Atlantic.” “The southern points of America and Africa have won for themselves,” says Maury, “the name of ‘the stormy capes,’ but not a storm-fiend in the wide ocean can out-top that which rages along the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may vie in the fury of their gales with this part of the Atlantic, but Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope cannot equal them, certainly in frequency, nor do I believe, in fury.” We read of a West Indian storm so violent, that “it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water to a height of thirty feet in the Gulf of Mexico. The ship ‘*Ledbury Snow*’ attempted to ride out the storm. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops on Elliott’s Key.”

By a like reasoning we can account for the cyclonic storms prevailing in the North Pacific Ocean. Nor do the tornadoes which rage in parts of the United States present any serious difficulty. The region along which these storms travel is the valley of the great Mississippi. This river at certain seasons is considerably warmer than the surrounding lands. From its surface, also, aque-

ous vapor is continually being raised. When the surrounding air is colder, this vapor is presently condensed, generating in the change a vast amount of heat. We have thus a channel of rarefied air over the Mississippi Valley, and this channel becomes a storm-track like the corresponding channels over the warm ocean currents. The extreme violence of land-storms is probably due to the narrowness of the track within which they are compelled to travel. For it has been noticed that the fury of a sea cyclone increases as the range of the “whirl” diminishes, and *vice versa*. There seems, however, no special reason why cyclones should follow the storm-□ in one direction rather than in the other. We must, to understand this, recall the fact that under the torrid zones the conditions necessary to the generation of storms prevail far more intensely than in temperate regions. Thus the probability is far greater that cyclones should be generated at the tropical than at the temperate end of the storm-□. Still, it is worthy of notice, that in the land-locked North Pacific Ocean, true typhoons have been known to follow the storm-track in a direction contrary to that commonly noticed.

The direction in which a true tornado whirls is *invariably* that we have mentioned. The explanation of this peculiarity would occupy more space than we can here afford. Those of our readers who may wish to understand the origin of the law of cyclonic rotation should study Herschel’s interesting work on Meteorology.

The suddenness with which a true tornado works destruction was strikingly exemplified in the wreck of the steamship “*San Francisco*.” She was assailed by an extra-tropical tornado when about three hundred miles from Sandy Hook, on December 24, 1853. In a few moments she was a complete wreck! The wide range of a tornado’s destructiveness is shown by this, that Colonel Reid examined one along whose track no less than one hundred and ten ships were wrecked, crippled, or dismasted.—*Temple Bar*.

## THE PLEIADES.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The Pleiades were the seven daughters of Atlas, and the nymph Pleione. They are said to have died of grief for the loss of their sisters, the Hyades, and the pitying gods changed them to stars, in memory of the purity of their lives, and as an eternal testimonial to the power of the "Friendships of Women."

This charming cluster of stars is situated in the shoulder of Taurus, which is now the second sign and third constellation of the Zodiac, and may be easily traced in the evening in the eastern sky. It receives its name from the Greek word, meaning to sail, because it was considered by the ancients, at this time of the year, "the star of the ocean" to the benighted mariner. It is also called the Seven Stars, and sometimes Virgilæ or Virgins of the Spring, because the sun enters this cluster in the season of blossoms, about the 18th of May. It comes to the meridian ten minutes before nine o'clock on the evening of the 1st of January, and then with royal grace this constellation sits enthroned high in the empyrean, and leads the host of glittering stars that make the winter sky "tremulous with excess of brightness." There is a fascination about this group of stars, which is not attached to any other in the broad concave. There is a mystery in its history which lends a charm to its sparkling gems. What has become of the missing one among the bright sisterhood? Mythology tells us Merope married a mortal, and therefore is her star dim among her sisters. Who was the favored mortal for whose love she gave her immortality and shining place in the starry sky? History is silent as to the details. We once saw a stereoscopic view, representing her just as she had fallen from the sky. She lay extended on the ground, the sleep of death stealing over her beautiful features, and the torch of life grasped in her dying hand, was pointed downward, and just expiring. Byron has immortalized her in

"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more on earth."

Mrs Hemans has written her eulogy, and every time we count the sighing six, we breathe a sigh over the lost glory of the mystic seven.

The names of the Pleiades are Alcyone, Merope, Maia, Electra, Tayeta, Sterope and Celeno. Five of them of the fourth and fifth magnitude are grouped around Alcyone of the third magnitude, which from being the brightest star of the cluster is called the Light of the Pleiades. Only six stars can be seen with the naked eye, but the telescope reveals from fourteen to two hundred, according to its power. One of the first uses that Galileo made of his newly discovered telescope, was carefully to examine this cluster, and finding there forty stars, triumphantly refute the time-honored doctrine of the human destiny of the universe, that the fixed stars were made only to light the earth. The poets have celebrated them as an index of time, and a guide to the surrounding stars. Hesiod says:

"When Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise  
Before the sun above the dawning skies,  
'Tis time to reap; and when they sink below  
The morn-illumined West, 'tis time to sow."

Virgil says:

"Then first on seas the shallow alder swam;  
Then sailors quartered heaven and found a  
name  
For every fixed and every wandering star  
The Pleiades, Hyades, and the Northern Car."

What gem more exquisite is there in Hebrew poetry than "Cans't thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" and "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night." But to bright Alcyone, Light of the Pleiades, is given the great honor of being the CENTRAL SUN of our astral universe. Look reverently upon the little star, bow humbly before the power then enthroned, while a feeling of unutterable awe takes possession of the soul, seeking to comprehend the systems of suns upon suns with their revolving worlds, which in obedience to the great law of gravitation, in perfect harmony revolve about this beaming centre.



The honor of the discovery of this brilliant hypothesis is due to M. Maedler, of the observatory of Dorpat. Taking as his starting point the discovery of Herschel, that our sun is one of the great astral system forming the Milky Way, and is situated not far distant from the centre of the stratum, and near the line where the principal current of stars divides into two great streams; recognizing the law of gravitation as extended to the fixed stars from the actual demonstration of the revolution of sun around sun in the binary systems; from point to point, from star to star, the great astronomer groped his way, subjecting each to the severest tests, employing in the operation seven years of the closest and most patient research, until at

length, his efforts were rewarded, and he found a star fulfilling in a remarkable manner, the requisitions demanded by the nature of the problem. This star is Alcyone, and accepting his theory, is at present the sun around which the universe of stars comprising our astral system is revolving. The known parallax of certain fixed stars gives us the approximate parallax of Alcyone, and shows us that such is the distance of our sun from the central star about which it performs its revolution, that it takes its light 537 years to traverse the distance, and if we can rely on the annular motion of the sun and system as already determined, it will take more than 18,000,000 years for one revolution around the grand centre.—*Providence Journal*.

---

### ST THOMAS.

#### The Recent Earthquake—Report of Admiral Palmer.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Dec. 19.

The Navy Department received this morning the following report of the recent disaster at St. Thomas, written by the late Rear Admiral Palmer:

FLAGSHIP SUSQUEHANNA,

St. THOMAS, Nov. 19th, 1867.

SIR: I beg to inform the Department of an extraordinary occurrence, producing much disaster, which took place in this harbor yesterday afternoon. The weather was clear, though extremely hot—barometer, 30. While writing in my cabin, about 2:30, P. M., my attention was called by a sudden tremor seizing the ship, increasing in intensity, accompanied by a sound resembling the grinding of a vessel upon a rough bottom, then gradually subsiding until it ceased; the whole lasting about two minutes. I recognized it immediately as an earthquake, and looking toward the town saw from the dust and confusion there had been destruction among its buildings. Concluding it was now over, I resumed my occupation, and had been seated about ten minutes, when

the report was brought to me that the sea outside of the harbor had risen and was coming in a huge volume as if to engulf us all. I went on deck, and here the extraordinary spectacle of a heavy wall of sea, some twenty feet in height, apparently distant about three miles, was coming toward the harbor with terrible power. The second anchor was immediately dropped and men sent to the helm, which was all that we could do, and then we stood to meet it as it advanced, with a skirmish line of tumultuous rollers in front. I saw, with some comfort, that it came from about south southwest, and would consequently strike the entrance of the harbor in an oblique direction. With what a feeling of awe, we awaited its arrival. It came rushing on, tumbling over the rocks that formed the entrance, carrying everything before it. A small steamer and sailing vessel that were trying to get in were at once engulfed and never again seen, and the vessels at anchor near the entrance were lifted from their mooring and carried on the rocks to leeward. Receiving this check the heavy rollers swept into the harbor.

The *De Soto* which was anchored outside of us and was lying rather broadside to, was carried from her moorings, both chains snapping, and she was thrown upon the iron piles of a new wharf lately constructed. The next roller swept her off into deep water again, and soon she made signals that she was leaking.

In the meanwhile, however, we had risen from the rollers which we met nearly stern on, encountering three in succession, the anchors and chains holding on bravely. The sea was now rushing in and receding with great violence. The sunken wrecks were rising; the shipping in the harbor swept from their moorings, were coming into us every few minutes, and the small craft in shore were lifted up and thrown into the streets and left stranded. Along the waterfront boats were capsized, and in the water men were seen in all directions, swimming for their lives.

At last the water in the bay subsided into a sort of whirlpool, and so soon as we could with any propriety man our boats, they were sent to the rescue of the drowning men. Several were picked up—one already dead. The *De Soto* was now adrift, whirling about the harbor, her pumps going, and getting up her steam. As rapidly as possible I went on board of her, and found she could keep herself free, and with her steam-pump and two kedges down, she would remain in safety for the night. Constant shocks of earthquake occurred every ten or fifteen minutes, and so continued with more or less severity through the night, and as I am now writing this is still going on.

The damage on shore has been far more ruinous to the merchants than that occasioned by the late hurricane. The first heavy roller went up into the town, swamping the stores, which were mostly on the Bay Point, floating out and finally

stranding their goods in unheard-of directions. The panic that seized the inhabitants was painful—rushing up the hillside, crying for mercy and listening to no attempt to pacify them. As I went ashore in the evening, I found all the stone dwellings were abandoned, their owners in the streets or in the wooden buildings of their friends, the alarm being still kept up by the constant shocks that were still occurring. This morning the shocks are less frequent, and the bay perfectly quiet.

The English mail steamer which had lately arrived, and was coaling in the bay on the other side of the harbor, was as near being lost as possible. Her passengers speak of having felt the shock as we did, and looking behind them saw a small islet in their rear cleft in twain, and flame and smoke issuing from the fissure. Shortly afterward the sea arose and came well nigh carrying them down; their cables had parted, but they were thrown, most fortunately, under a lee which placed them in comparative safety. The passengers, all but three females who were lost in the surf, reached the shore.

Just now a vessel has arrived from Santa Cruz, bringing an officer of the *Monongahela*, who brought me a verbal message from Commodore Bissel, saying the shock of the earthquake had been most violent at that island; that the sea had risen and thrown his vessel high and dry on the beach, and three of his men who were in the boats alongside were drowned. I leave this evening to see what assistance I can render him. The damage sustained by this ship is not material.

Very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

(Signed) JOS. S. PALMER,  
Rear Admiral commanding N. A.  
Squadron.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of  
the Navy, Washington, D. C.

#### FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

In the French Bulletin of the Geographical Society for August we find some particulars of the plan of an expedition to the North Pole, under M.

Gustave Lambert, a former pupil of the Polytechnic School, and navigator and hydrographer. He proposes to attain his object by entering the



Arctic Sea, through the Straits of Behring, "in order to reach Polyniæ, an acknowledged open sea, and thence to the North Pole itself." His project is based on practical observations made by himself at sea, and on certain matters assumed as granted; and has been presented by him in such a shape as to enlist in its favor many influential supporters, among whom are the Archbishop of Paris, the Ex-Minister Drouyn de Lhuys, and the French Emperor, who gives his cordial approval, and a contribution of ten thousand dollars.

After many perilous attempts and much suffering and loss of life, the problem of a northwest passage by sea was solved by Captain McClure in 1853, so far as to show a continuous water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. A geographical problem was solved, but with it the dream of a channel being found open for commercial intercourse between Europe and Asia in that direction, was disputed. Captain McClure, who entered the Arctic Sea by the Straits of Behring, could not carry his vessel through; but was obliged to travel over the tightly-frozen passage until he met his countrymen in their explorations from the east by Baffin's Bay. The failure to find a northwest passage from ocean to ocean for any useful or practical purpose has, however, only served to give another direction to the lovers of Arctic adventure, which would seem to be attractive in proportion to its danger, and, one might be tempted to add, in proportion to the barrenness of its results. It remains to be shown how far science, in its departments of climatology, natural history, and magnetism, has gained in the different Arctic expeditions. To reach the North Pole is now a favorite geographical problem, the solution of which is deemed the more easy since the belief in an open Polar Sea has gained so many advocates.

Opinions are divided as to the best direction to be taken for reaching the Pole. M. Lambert, the French navigator, proposes, as we

have seen, to go by the Straits of Behring on the northwest. On the other side, or from the east, we find Captain Sherrard Osborn, of the British navy, Dr. Hayes, and others, recommend the route by way of Smith's Sound through Baffin's Bay in vessels, and from the Pole by means of sledges and boats. This was the plan previously projected and virtually carried out by Dr. Kane, one of whose companions, William Morton, heading a sledge party, obtained, at an elevation of 500 feet, a view of what he believed to be an open sea, "with an iceless horizon and a heavy swell rolling in with white caps." From Cape Parry, the northern point of Smith's Sound, to the Pole, the distance is but 484 geographical miles, and a journey back would make 968 miles, a distance which has been repeatedly exceeded by Arctic sledge and boat parties. "Lieutenant Hamilton did 1,150 miles with a dog sledge and one man," and Doctor Hayes traveled 1,300 miles from the time he left his vessel in Smith's Sound until his return. But a majority of Arctic officers are in favor of making the attempt by way of the Spitzbergen Seas, between the island of this name and that of Nova Zembla, on the faith in the theory of Dr. Peterman, the eminent German geographer, that a warm current flows from the coast of Norway in that direction into the Polar Sea, and extending itself to the vicinity of the Pole. The chief obstacle to surmount in this route is thought to lie in the outer barrier of floes and packed ice, forming a moveable band of about five degrees of latitude (300 geographical miles) in extent. This once passed, Dr. Peterman believes the ships would enter a sea easy of navigation, extending to the highest latitude, and even to the Pole itself. A Prussian expedition in this direction has been talked of for the last two years.

---

#### The Recent Discoveries in the Arctic Ocean.

Two interesting letters have been written by Captain Long, of the bark

*Nile*, and Captain Raynor, of the ship *Reindeer*, concerning the discoveries of land in the Arctic Ocean, already reported by telegraph.

Captain Long writes :

HONOLULU, Nov. 5, 1867.

During my cruise in the Arctic Ocean this season, I saw land not set down on any charts that I have seen. The land was first seen from the bark *Nile*, on the evening of the 14th of August, and the next day at 9½ o'clock A. M.; the ship was eighteen miles distant from the west point of land. I had good observations this day, and made the west point to be in latitude 70.49 north, and longitude 178.30 east.

The lower parts of the land were entirely free from snow and had a green appearance, as if covered with vegetation. There was broken ice between the ship and land, but as there were no indications of whales I did not feel justified in endeavoring to work through it and reach the shore, which I think could have been done without much danger.

We sailed to the eastward along the land during the 15th and 16th, and in some places approached it as near as fifteen miles. On the 16th the weather was very clear and pleasant, and we had a good view of the middle and eastern portion of the land. Near the centre, or about in the longitude of 180 degrees, there is a mountain which has the appearance of an extinct volcano. By approximate measurement I found it to be 4,480 feet high. I had excellent observations on the 16th, and made the southeastern cape, which I have named Cape Hawaii, to be in latitude 70.40 north, and longitude 178.51 west. It is impossible to tell how far this land extends northward, but as far as the eye could reach we could see ranges of mountains until they were lost in the distance, and I learn from Captain Bliven, of the bark *Nautilus*, that he saw land northwest of Herald Island as far as 72 degrees."

Captain Raynor writes :

HONOLULU, November 1, 1867.

"I send a short account of a large

tract of land lying in the midst of the Arctic Ocean, hitherto but little known. This land has heretofore been considered to be two islands, one of which has been marked on the English charts as Plover Island, which is laid down to the west-south-west of Herald Island. The other is simply marked "extensive land with high peaks." On my last cruise I sailed along the south and east side of this island for a considerable distance three different times, and once cruised along the entire shore, and by what I considered reliable observations, made the extreme southwest cape to lie in north latitude 70.50, and east longitude 178.15. The southeast cape I found to lie in north latitude 71.10, and west longitude 176.40. The south coast appears to be nearly straight, with high rugged cliffs and entirely barren. The northeast coast I have not examined to any extent, but it appears to run from the southeast cape in a northerly direction for about 15 or 20 miles, and then turns to the north and northeast. I learned from Captain Bliven that he traced it much further north, and has seen others who traced it to the north of latitude 72. I think there is no doubt that it extends much farther to the north, and that there is another island lying to the east of it, say in longitude 170 west, and to the northwest of Point Barrow, with a passage between it and the land I have just described. My reason for thinking so is this: we always find ice to the south of the known land, further to the south than we do to the eastward of it. The current runs to the northwest, from one to three knots an hour. In the longitude of 170 west we always find in the ice barrier from 50 to 80 miles further south than we do between that and Herald Island, and there is always a strong current setting to the northwest between those localities, unless prevented by strong northerly gales, (for in such shoal water as the Arctic ocean the currents are changed easily by the winds,) which would indicate that there is a passage in that direction, where the waters pass between two bodies of land, that holds



the ice, the one known, the other unknown.

I would add that the southwest cape of this island, described above, lies 25 miles distant from the Asiatic or Siberian coast.

### Discoveries in Pa'estine.

The Palestine exploration is making good progress. An official report, dated at Jerusalem on the 22d. of October, says that Mr. Warren has established by actual demonstration that the south wall of the sacred enclosure which contained the Temple is buried for more than half its depth beneath an accumulation of rubbish, probably the ruins of the successive buildings which once crowned it, and that if bared to its foundation the wall would present an unbroken face of solid masonry of nearly one thousand feet long, and for a large portion of that distance more than one hundred and fifty feet in height; in other words nearly the length of the London Crystal Palace and the height of the transept,

Mr. Warren adds:

"The wall, as it stands, with less than half that height emerging from the ground, has always been regarded as a marvel. What must it have been when entirely exposed to view? No wonder that Prophets and Psalmists should have rejoiced in the 'walls' and 'bulwarks' of the Temple, and that Tacitus should have described it as *modo arcis constructum*. The question immediately occurs, What does the lower part of the structure formed by this enormous wall contain, our present knowledge being confined to the existing level of the ground? Of this I can at present say nothing, though the passage discovered by Mr. Warren, thirty feet below the 'single gateway,' and described by him under October 22, promises to lead to important discoveries. The valley west of the Temple (Tyropœon) turns out to be very different in form from anything hitherto supposed, viz.: tolerably flat for the greater part of its width, with ample space for a 'lower city,' and suddenly de-

scending close below the Temple wall to a narrow gully of great depth. The well-known arch discovered by Mr. Robinson, the centre of so many speculations, may thus prove to have been only a single opening to span this gully, instead of the commencement of a long bridge or viaduct."

### Rule of the Road for Steamers.

The following lines seem to be admirably adapted for the purpose of preventing collisions at sea. They are calculated to imprint upon the minds of mariners the "Rules of the Road for Steamers," more vividly and indelibly than any other process would effect. The author will achieve as great an amount of fame as he who paraphrased the days of the months, and the number of days in each:

1.—Two steamships meeting end on, or nearly end on.

Meeting steamers do not dread  
When you see three lights ahead!  
Port your helm, and show your red.

2.—Two steamships passing.

For steamers passing, you should try  
To keep this maxim in your eye:—  
Green to Green—or, Red to Red—  
Perfect safety—go ahead!

3.—Two steamships crossing. This is the real position of danger. The steamship that has the other on her own starboard side shall keep out of the way of the other. There is nothing for it but good look-out, caution and judgment.

If to starboard Red appear,  
'Tis your duty to keep clear;  
Act as judgment says is proper:—  
Port—or starboard—back—or, stop her!

But when on your Port is seen  
A steamer with a light of Green,  
There's not so much for you to do,  
The green light must keep clear of you.

4.—All ships must keep a good look-out, and steamships must stop and go astern, if necessary.

Both in safety and in doubt  
Always keep a good look-out;  
Should there not be room to turn,  
Stop your ship, and go astern.  
—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

### Smugglers and their Tricks.

The minute and thorough inspection of vessels and their passengers and employees, and the employment of trusty agents in all parts of the United States and the Canadas to ferret out smugglers and their confederates, has materially checked their illicit trade. Petty smuggling is confined mostly to the European and Havana steamers in New York city, particularly those from Havre, Brest, Hamburg, and Southampton. When a steamer is telegraphed at the Barge Office, the message is immediately transmitted to the Surveyor's Department. The Revenue cutter, with fifteen or twenty inspectors on board, is awaiting the arrival of Deputy-Surveyor Webster and his special aids, who, by the way, are true disciples of "Lavater." The cutter steams out into the bay, and by this time the expected steamer is abreast of the Battery. Following her to her dock, the inspectors are all landed on the wharf, with the exception of one of the aids, who, unperceived, has climbed over the side of the steamer, and is on board closely scrutinizing the passengers. He moves quietly among them, inspecting their general appearance, the expression of the face, the movements of their eyes, and the shape and cut of their garments, their carriage, in fact, nothing escapes his lynx-eye gaze. The purser furnishes him with a list of passengers, which he carefully inspects. He takes out his private memoranda, which he compares with the passenger list; after which he goes on to the wharf, and reports to his chief. On the pier all is confusion—the relatives and friends of the passengers are begging for permission to go on board. Letters of introduction from leading merchants, passes to the Collector and Surveyor, and even heart-rending tales do not avail the applicants. The rule is imperative. Some of the sons of Judea will not be reconciled; they importune until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and they are politely but positively informed that persistence in begging will carry them off the wharf. Everything being in readi-

ness, the luggage is brought from the steamer and deposited in rows along the wharf, while the porters are continually bringing in more of it. Sea-chests, trunks of all sizes and shapes, from the modest old-fashioned black leather one of restricted proportions, to the mammoth brass-studded affair, (which would carry the effects of a Fifth Avenue dowager and those of her three fashionable daughters to Saratoga,) band-boxes, portmantaus, guitar-cases, a multiplicity of cases and umbrellas, valises, and suspicious black travelling-bags are piled together. After all the baggage is on the wharf, the inspectors detailed for the vessel while in port, take charge, and seal the hatches. The passengers descend to the pier, and the inspection begins. Each passenger, before the examination, fills out a blank form, in which he enumerates the contents of his trunks. If there is nothing but his own wearing apparel, he certifies that there are no new or dutiable articles within.

Then commences the ludicrous scenes. The inspectors are affable and polite, and the passengers are treated with the greatest delicacy, if they create no suspicion. They are requested to unlock their trunks. The ready, easy manner with which many open them, without being called upon, produces a good effect, convincing the officer that they have traveled, and, therefore, understand the form. He gently passes his hand down the inner sides and under a few articles of clothing, shuts the lid, and chalks it "O. K." But you must not fancy yourself safe. Keen gray eyes are watching you from a distance, and noting if there is any expression of exultation. If one is nervous or irritable, he goes through another ordeal. He is suspected. His trunk is measured inside and out, the sides and top sounded, and a general manipulation takes place. If any thing dutiable or new is found, it is immediately confiscated, and becomes the property of Uncle Samuel. In the meantime the Deputy-Surveyor and his aids are taking a general survey of the scene of operations. One of the aids has his eyes on a large,



heavy-looking man, who is wrapped up in a great coat. He walks like an invalid, and is attended by a friend who has met him on the pier. The aid thinks his garments fit him too "muchly;" he takes the inspector aside and informs him that after he (the officer) has examined his baggage he will stumble over his valise or bag. Of course, the large man with so much clothing on him will stoop to pick up his baggage, which has been so suddenly and clumsily displaced, at which time the inspector must watch his back. The ruse succeeds; the back of his coat appears as if it covered a pan-full of biscuits. Trembling with fear the passenger is taken inside the small office, and from under his coat is drawn a well padded vest containing fifty gold watches. He is now subjected to a thorough examination; his boot-legs and heels do not escape their scrutiny. The heel of one boot is found to be hollow—off it goes, and inside are found snugly ensconced in cotton two brilliants worth \$2,000. When entirely stripped of his superfluous garments he appears like a second "Calvin Edson."

Another victim has been selected, and he is called aside and compelled to undergo corporeal examination. He is very portly, and tries to be jolly; he laughs boisterously, and informs the officer that he supposes he must do his duty. Underneath his shirt are hundreds of yards of costly lace, deftly wound around his waist. After the officers have denuded him of his smuggled undergarments, he looks more like a plucked fowl than a human being. Another man has passed the inspection, and his trunks are strapped to the rack of the carriage. He seems very much elated, and is in a great hurry. On his arm he carries a lap-rug, of which he seems to be very careful. As he is about to step into the carriage, the aid taps him on the shoulder, and accosts him familiarly. He asks him if he enjoyed his trip, and gives him a friendly poke in the ribs, by which he detects a rather spongy something about the waist. Of course an examination follows,

and he turns out to be another "lace reel." The lap rug is ripped open, and found to contain more of the same precious material. *Point appliqué* and *Valenciennes* lace appraised at \$12,000. These three men are professional smugglers, who, in all probability, have made several successful trips.

The trunks resembling Noah's Ark, which some of the fair sex bring with them from Paris, must necessarily undergo a strict examination. They have so many boxes of bonnets and laces, such a multiplicity of "little goats" gloves, fine linen chemises edged with costly lace, collars, cambrics by the dozen, silks, satins, &c., also expensive presents of French manufacture, which they had promised to bring dear Cousins Sophie and Amy, and many articles of *bijouterie* that they could only procure in Paris. The inspector who performs the unpleasant and disagreeable duty, stoops over the trunk, his face suffused with blushes. His manipulations are soft and delicate, handling carefully, as if he was afraid of its being defiled by his touch, he lays to one side all that are contraband. There is no rudeness, no assumption of authority among these gentlemen. Their affable manners favorably impress a foreigner arriving at our port, and it is a general remark among American tourists arriving home, that our Custom House regulations are far superior to those of any other nation. The consignees of the Havana steamers have been greatly annoyed by the continued attempts of their employees to smuggle cigars; and recently they ordered the discharge of every one in the engineer's department of one of their steamers, detected by the Revenue authorities. They have resorted to the most ingenious dodges, and, consequently, the steamers are examined from stem to stern. In the engineer's department they have concealed contraband articles in the flues of the boilers, under the coal. Smuggled articles have been taken ashore in the soiled linen, and under the skirts of women. In short, every possible

device has been resorted to, whereby to elude the vigilance of the Revenue Inspectors, to cheat the Government, and to aggrandize at small cost the ingenious violators of the laws governing importations from beyond seas.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### From New York to China.

The distances from this city to Asiatic ports, and the time occupied in the transit by the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, are reported to be as follows:

	Miles.	Days.
New York to Aspinwall.....	1,980	7
Across the Isthmus to Panama.....	48	1
Panama to San Francisco.....	3,182	11
San Francisco to Yokohama.....	4,761	17
Stop at Yokohama.....	—	1
Yokohama to Hong Kong.....	1,379	6
Total.....	11,350	43

### Successful Treatment of Yellow Fever at Sea.

The Navy Department has received dispatches from Commander Chandler, of the United States steamer *Don*, dated Vera Cruz, Dec. 15. He states that the yellow fever broke out on his vessel on the 25th of November. It proved to be of a most malignant type. He was ordered to the above port, and on arriving there the ship was anchored with a "spring," and was always broadside to the wind. The sick were at once landed and their clothing and bedding aired. The ship was thoroughly impregnated with yellow fever. Commander Chandler caused the hatches of the berth deck and ward room to be securely closed. One joint of the steam-heater on the berth deck was disconnected, and the same operation performed in the ward room. A thermometer was lowered through a small slip in the tarpaulin, and, after two hours' steaming in the ward-room, it indicated 205 degrees, and on the berth deck 170 degrees. The hatches were then opened, decks dried down, joints of steam heaters replaced, and in two hours more there was no indication of the extreme heat to which

those places had been exposed. No cases of fever occurred afterward. We had twenty-three cases on board and seven men died. Commander Chandler informs the Department that he is fully persuaded that heat eradicated the disease as effectually as a severe frost could have done.

### A Reformed Crew.

A crew of seamen had just reached port, and all except one went to the drinking-houses, which, alas! are always found near the docks. Here they spent their money and fired their brains with the Sailor's Curse—strong drink.

On returning to the ship they found a pious shipmate perfectly sober.—They jeered him for not drinking, and then threatened to tie him up and whip him if he did not drink.—Next day they found him ashore, and after abusing and threatening him, which he bore with patience and Christian fortitude, they asked him *the reason why he would not drink.*

He then kindly spoke as follows:

"Shipmates, my first recollections of my father are that he was a drunkard. He often abused my poor mother, and nearly broke her heart, when he was under the influence of liquor.

"One cold winter's day when the snow was deep on the ground, as I was running home, I kicked against something in the snow. I stopped and found it was a man. On uncovering the face, I saw, to my horror, it was *my own father!* I ran home with all speed, crying bitterly, and told my poor mother; the neighbors were soon aroused, and the corpse was brought home. When the excitement was over a little, my poor widowed mother and I stood by the side of my father, and she said:—'Now John, my dear boy, you see what drink has done—your poor father has died a drunkard; now I want you to promise me that you will *never drink strong drink as long as you live.*' I promised her that I never would. And, by God's help, I have kept that promise up to this day. Now, shipmates, *that* is the reason why I never have drunk



strong drink, and by the help of God I never will."

Deeply touched, even to tears, by this sad history, one of the seamen exclaimed: "John, draw up a temperance pledge and I'll sign it;" another said: "So will I;" and all six of them signed a declaration to totally abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors.

On reaching the ship, the Captain asked what was the matter—all had come aboard so soon. They showed him the temperance pledge, and told him the story, when he said: "I'll sign it too." He called up the mate, and he signed also.

Religious meetings were held on board that ship, and all the crew were converted to God. So much for one man's faithfulness. Stand up seamen for the right! Dare to be true to your convictions of duty.—  
"If God be for us, who can be against us?" J. E.

### The Reclaimed One.

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, "Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew."

I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated the invitation, and in a few seconds he looked in my face and said, "When I was a boy like you I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside of a church for three years. *I don't feel right.*" I

believe I will go with you." I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi, 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." The young man was attentive, but downcast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, "have you a Bible, young man?" "No, ma'am, but I can get one," was his reply. "You can read, of course?" she said. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord's-day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat."

On the third Sabbath morning, the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from very recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed "W. C." He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, being Sabbath, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the *George*, and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible, laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled

down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birth-place, etc. He then enquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath-breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church. I was astonished: the subject of my mother's anxiety and prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and traveled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left the church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and a son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness—With his uncle's consent he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in Southern Africa.

"The moment I saw your Bible this morning," he said, "I recognized it. And now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to

church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember the text, on the day of my salvation, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

### Gloucester Port Society.

At the Annual Meeting of this Society, the Chaplain, Rev. E. N. Harris, read the following report:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*

"Your philanthropic experiment of a Port Society, for the especial benefit of the sea-going men connected with this port, proves to be a humane and Christian labor.

"Hundreds of men have heard the gospel of our Lord, who, but for this Society, would not have been likely to have listened to the story of the Cross of Christ. Among these men, and women as well, we have reason to hope that scores have been savingly benefited.

"The Bible Class of adults, which became too large for one man to instruct, has been resolved into two classes; one is taught by the Chaplain, and the other by Mr. C. C. Curtis, late of Fitchburg, who, on account of his piety and scriptural knowledge, renders himself very useful in all our religious gatherings. The desire manifested by some of the members to understand the Scriptures, inspires the hope that they may be taught to honor Him whom, to know aright, is eternal life.

"The Sunday School, organized only last Spring, proved a success. We have on our book about one hundred names, and the average attendance was about sixty, until we were notified that we must give up the hall; supposing that to be the fact, we dismissed the school, making the younger children a present of our few Juvenile Books. Still, more or less continue to come, and are very much interested.

"Sabbath mornings have been de-



voted to Biblical instruction, interspersed with devotional exercises. Afternoons, for the most part, to preaching, addresses, and prayers. Our large gatherings have been on Sabbath evenings. Abating two or three months in mid-Summer, this hall has generally been filled to repletion. Nay! more. There is no doubt that if your Society had a clean and inviting house, sufficiently capacious, in which to worship God, there would be in attendance from one to two hundred more than have been accustomed to meet together.

"Your Society, in its labors, has done something in aid of the temperance reform. Its Alliance gatherings have resulted in a pledge list to the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, to the number of two hundred and sixty-eight. Many of these are persons who never took the pledge before, and I have yet to learn that more than two of the whole number have violated their pledge. I was pleased to learn of a man at my room, last week, that he knows of more than thirty men, who, like himself, were hard drinkers ten months ago, that do not use spirits now.

"Our Saturday night meetings for prayer and praise would have been a power for good, but for the frequent interruptions.

"While we feel much obliged to the town for the occasional use of this hall, and gaslight, to be success-

ful in our work we must be furnished with a Bethel, or place that may be devoted to the object of your Society.

"Grateful to the Giver of every good, this brief report is respectfully submitted.

E. N. HARRIS,  
"Chaplain."

The report was adopted.

Rev. Mr. Harris also submitted the following plan for building a Bethel:

For the purpose of erecting a Bethel for the Port Society, with apartments for a Navigation School and Headquarters for Temperance; we, the subscribers, mutually pledge ourselves to take the number of shares (at twenty-five dollars each) affixed to our respective names. We each and all bind ourselves to redeem them at the call of the Board of Trustees, (who shall constitute a Building Committee,) to be selected from the stock or share holders.

The sum of ten thousand dollars is required, equal to four hundred shares.

The following resolution was passed:

*Resolved*, That this Society regards the plan for building a Bethel, presented by the Chaplain, as FEASIBLE; and, therefore, recommend that Mr. Harris proceed at once to get the stock taken up; after which to call a meeting of the stockholders."

---

## CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### Denmark.

Rev. Mr. Rymker, reports that during the quarter ending Oct. 1, he traveled, in his missionary work, 952 miles; distributed 1,400 pages of tracts; preached 42 sermons; held 7 prayer-meetings; and made 95 religious visits, 62 of which were to seamen or to the families of seamen. He had also the privilege within the same time of organizing a church.

In a recent letter, Mr. Rymker gives an account of a visit to Norway, and speaks of the importance

of Christiana as a missionary station, and says that "it is desirable to have one or two to travel and labor in the places between Christiana and Christiansand, without speaking about the many thousand fishermen and seamen on all the west and north coast of Norway." When in Christiana Mr. Rymker visited the Custom House, and found from Government statistics, that 167 ships were registered as belonging there, carrying 1,888 men. In 1865, 1,368 vessels arrived at that port, besides a multi-

tude of coasting vessels. The nationalities of the foreign shipping were as follows: Danish, 231; French, 170; Swedish, 103; British, 65, and a few of other nations, in all 702 ships; tonnage, 58,752. Christiana has a population of 65,000.

DRAMEN, 24 miles from Christiana has 15,000 inhabitants, and owns 247 ships, manned with 2,531 sailors. In 1865 there arrived at this port 660 vessels. Here is also a wide field for missionary work.

### Sweden.

Letters have been received from Rev. F. O. Nilson, of Gottenberg, and his helpers there, Lars Karlson, Erik Ericson, and Christian Carlson; also from Messrs. A. M. Ljunberg and J. A. Anderson, laboring together in Stockholm, all of them breathing an excellent spirit, and speaking of prosperity as attending their work.

### United States.

#### LETTERS FROM SOUTHERN CHAPLAINS.

NORFOLK, Dec. 30, 1867.

Rev. H. LOOMIS, D. D. }  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D. } Cor. Secs. A. S. F. Soc.

DEAR BRETHREN,

This closing month of the year has not differed materially from the two preceeding in the progress of our work among seamen at this port. The attendance upon Bethel services continues encouraging, and the number of Sunday-school scholars has somewhat increased. We have also had a valuable accession to our corps of teachers, which, I trust, will give a new impulse to our school and insure us a still fuller attendance.

Shipping interests do not seem to have revived this winter to the degree anticipated, and there is a general feeling of depression in commercial circles, due, I suppose, to the unsettled and uncertain political situation.

During the month I have visited 96 vessels, (a number of them twice,) and distributed 3,345 pages of tracts and 98 SEAMEN'S FRIEND AND SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

And also put Ship Library, No.

1,410 on board the Relief Light Boat at Boller's Rock, on the Rappahannock River, in charge of the captain, Geo. W. Haddon. The boat was refitting here for her station, and the crew seemed totally destitute of reading matter. I also put a good sized Bible on board for their use. On no vessel does reading matter seem to be more needed than on the light boats. Life on board of them is for the most part one dull monotonous round of lying still with scarcely enough to do to keep mind or body from stagnation and with rarely any interest or excitement from adventure or change of scene. No men seem more heartily thankful for books than their crews. I trust this library will be well used, and afford much pleasure, instruction, and profit. Captain Haddon promises to report duly to me in reference to it.

Yours respectfully and fraternally.

E. N. CRANE.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 23, 1867.

DEAR BRETHREN,

At this season of the year, we have comparatively less interest in commercial affairs than at any other, and this month has been peculiarly unfavorable to my operations except amongst those that were "froze up" here. As the ice has almost disappeared, and the weather is opening beautifully, we will have an increase of vessels, especially coasters and oystermen. I have labored with those detained here, but had to confine myself chiefly to visiting and conversation, as they are hard to get to the Bethel. We have service on Sundays: rarely during the week now. I find a very favorable change in the disposition of sailors in regard to religious reading and conversation, and have no difficulty in getting Catholics to take my books, &c., and am glad to observe them read them. The boatmen on the canal remain so short a time here, that I can do little more than give them a passing word, with tracts and papers. The most of them are colored and cannot read. Many of them are trying to learn, and I cheer them on by



every encouragement in my power. I find them respectful and glad of any notice or attention given them. But socially they are very wicked and profane. I still have hope, however, of accomplishing some good with them, though the season is unpropitious and the canal generally frozen for a long time during the winter.

The Bethel is in *statu quo*. I am steering matters by faith more than anything else and hope for success yet.

Things are very quiet here, and except the hard times, very much as formerly. The Freedmen are behaving well and generally seeking employment and making contracts for next year. I have observed there is not much difficulty in getting labor if men are only prompt in payments.

Truly your brother,  
F. J. BOGGS.

---

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 15, 1867.  
MESSRS. SECRETARIES,

The disadvantages under which I have labored during the past two years, in being compelled to keep my family in a distant part of the State, are now happily removed.

Our SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY having rented a house for my use I am now a resident of the city, and shall be prepared by the coming of the new year, to enter more vigorously and with a greater prospect of success upon my work among the seamen coming to this port. Hitherto, the loss of time in visiting my family and attendance upon them in sickness, has been a great drawback to my labors and necessarily caused my reports to be very meagre.

I have been able to do but a small amount of visiting upon vessels and along shore. While I distributed a large number of tracts I have kept no account of them and could not approximate the amount of pages.

My appointments for preaching and prayer-meetings have been kept up with regularity, and the average attendance good. The temperance meeting has been successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. It

is largely attended and has proved a great blessing to citizens as well as seamen. I have preached and delivered lectures and exhortations to the number of one hundred and sixty times during the past year. It has been my privilege to witness the conversion of a large number of persons although not in direct connection with my labors for seamen.

The Seamen's Home in this city is doing a great work. It is an institution which could not be dispensed with without great detriment to those who visit this port. Under the management of Capt. G. W. Williams and his excellent wife, it is a home indeed to multitudes of the sons of the sea.

The Sick Room (in the absence of a Government Hospital) is the only place where the sick sailor is sure to get kind attendance, medical care, and Christian sympathy.

The whole number of boarders for the year has been *eleven hundred and twenty-four*. The number of sick *one hundred and ninety-eight*. *Eighty-four* ship-wrecked seamen have been provided for at an expense of two hundred and eighty dollars. Two thousand four hundred and twenty-one dollars have been deposited with the Superintendent, and one thousand and fifty dollars sent to the friends at home. *Five hundred and fifty* persons have signed the pledge. The government allowance for the care of the sick is inadequate, but the Society has so far, under the blessing of God, succeeded in meeting the claims upon it.

With *earnest prayer* to Almighty God that our success in the coming year may be more abundant than in the past,

I remain, Yours in Christ,  
JNO. N. ANDREWS.

---

CHARLESTON, S. C. Jan. 6th, 1868.  
DEAR BRETHREN:

\*\*\*\* Our merchants are in such a condition that it is not possible for them to do much this year: last year I could only collect about \$60. So far we have been able to meet the incidental expenses attendant on

keeping the Bethel open—such as sexton, lights, &c. The interior I have not yet been able to repair; but I feel it is better to open the Bethel even in its wrecked condition. Although there are not many vessels in port I have had a very large attendance, and I am rejoiced to say many have called at my study for religious instruction and for tracts, Bibles and other good books.

Our marine have done so little of late, that I know they are unable to contribute any thing adequate to the support of the Bethel.

The distress among seamen's families has been very great, and for the last three months I have procured free passages for seamen to the number of 12 to 15, who were from their homes destitute. I hope your Board will continue to help us until we can once more make the Charleston Port Society what it was from its commencement until after the war a self-supporting Society.

With grateful acknowledgements to your Board for the means which has enabled me to continue in the work of my desire, and hoping that you will still enable me to cast my bread upon the waters,

Most kindly your Brother in Christ,  
WM. B. YATES, *Chaplain.*

MOBILE, Dec. 17th, 1867.

DEAR BRETHREN,

I cannot tell what lies in the future, but thus far I have gone along harmoniously, prosperously and successfully beyond all my expectations, and my health thus far has been very good, for all which let praise be rendered to the gracious hearer of prayer, to whom alone it is due.

An old gentleman, a resident of Mobile, living at the "Home," remarked to me yesterday, "you had the largest congregation out last Sabbath evening, that I have seen in that Bethel for a number of years." I inquired of Mr. Parsons how many there were, as I did not count them, and he said there were between sixty and seventy. There are a few deaths every week, from yellow fever, but nothing to create any alarm.

Yours fraternally, L. H. PEASE.

### Incidents from a Pastor's Diary.

#### A MOTHER'S PRAYERS LABELLED AND LAID BY.

Yes! The Lord takes especial regard of such. If He keeps her "tears in His bottle," He no less regards her prayers. He keeps them before Him till answered, and when her soul departs to be with Jesus her "joy is full" as she sees her dear ones whom she left behind in the Devil's grasp, now ransomed, sanctified, and brought home to Glory!

Seaman P—is one of these, a ransomed and renewed soul, the fruit of a mother's prayers. He was born in Sweden; had a praying mother; went to sea early; lived a hard life, until, at the age of 54, God met him and brought him, with the arrow in his heart, to the stream that cools the panting, sin-struck soul. He has given himself to Jesus; is re-numbered among his people; the lion has become a lamb, and now he lives, to use his own language, "happy in the service of Jesus," enjoying comfort, which, until now, he never knew. What hath God wrought!

Seaman T. M. had a praying mother; went to sea at 17; at a little prayer-meeting in Boston the Lord spoke to his heart. He gave himself away then and there to the Lord. He now rejoices in Christian fellowship, and by his prayers, experience, and exhortations "strengthens the brethren."

"BROUGHT TO JESUS I KNOW NOT HOW."

So said Seaman J. T. He is 29 years' of age, was born in London, and for the past ten years never entered a church; he cannot tell why he has such an inclination to religious meetings. The words there go to his heart. "I once was blind, now I see. Jesus I now love and trust in, and will serve—this I know." Such is his experience.

"HIS PEACE FLOWS LIKE A RIVER."

Happy! happy! Such is the experience of J. R., a Swede, who was deeply and long impressed, and found



peace with God early in this month. "I now know what peace with God is. No man need tell me, *I know it.* God, for Christ's sake has forgiven my sins. *I can do nothing but love Jesus.*"

This was his language when being examined for church membership. It was a touching scene to see the tall, brawny, broad-shouldered sailor bowed like a bull-rush and bathed in tears, and joy, withal, sparkling in his eyes; and, again, the placidity of stern resolve against sin manifesting itself. It is worth living for to see such facts!

If delight in the world, frequent retirement for prayer, and efforts to bring others to Jesus indicate the soul's new creation this man is assuredly born of God. His peace flows like a river.

J. L.

#### Church of the Sea and Land.

There is a work of great interest in progress at this church. Many are seeking Jesus. At the celebration of the Lord's Supper, on the 12th inst., 41 were admitted to church membership; 34 of these on profession of faith; 17 of whom were seamen.

#### Capt. Bartlett, of Boston.

At the 9th Anniversary of Captain Andrew Bartlett's labors in the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, he received, as a present from the sailors, a beautiful full rigged model ship of their own make. There have been 719 patients at the institution during the year, embracing twenty nationalities. Capt. Bartlett has held 104 meetings, including one every Sabbath evening which is conducted by the different churches of the city, has distributed 275 Bibles and a large amount of religious reading, and he reports 94 conversions during the year, and 372 during the nine years of his labor

there. Many of these men have returned after a voyage showing good evidence of earnest piety. Interesting addresses were made during the evening by Judge Russell, Rev. Phineas Stowe, and Hon. Alpheus Hardy, and 21 sailors signed the pledge.

#### An Appropriate Memorial.

The following letter will be read with interest. How can the memory of loved ones be more beautifully preserved than by associating their names with some Christian work, on which the Saviour is bestowing His blessing.

December 10, 1867.

REV. DR. RODGERS, *Bound Brook, N.J.*

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to enclose you fifteen dollars to be given the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for the purchase of a Library, to be given in the name of my only child, Frederick H. Pollock, who died in the month of October last, and, I am sure, is now happy with his Saviour, whom he loved very dearly. He was an invalid, as you will recollect I told you, and his life for 15 years was one of the most intense suffering. I need not tell you that my poor boy's memory is very dear to me. I feel that this appropriation would please him very much if he were living.

I hope to hear from the Library occasionally in remembrance of Freddie, and I pray God that it may be the means of saving many souls.

Yours Respectfully,  
THOS. C. POLLOCK.

The Frederick H. Pollock Memorial Library is No. 2,329, and has gone to sea in the ship *Kate Havenport*. ED.

#### Another Sailor Missionary.

Captain John Hendrick Hansen was licensed to preach the Gospel at a quarterly meeting held at St. Paul's

Church, in New York, November 4. He left the port of New York on Saturday, November 9, under the auspices of the American Seamen's Friend Society, as a missionary to seamen on the coast of Norway.

---

### The Seamen's Retreat.

We have heard of a Danish sailor in that hospital for sick seamen, who, though unable to walk, makes his way on his hands and knees to the bed-side of the sick sailors to tell them of the love of Christ, and has thus been instrumental in bringing several of them to the saving knowledge of his Lord.

---

### Sailor's Home 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. Cassidy reports 109 arrivals during the month of December. These have deposited with him \$1,100; of which, \$550 were sent to relatives, and \$100 placed in Saving's Bank. Fifty were shipped from the Home without advance wages. An unusual number of shipwrecked and destitute have been aided this month, and several sent to the Hospital with frozen hands and feet. In regard to the Home an esteemed missionary writes:

"The good seed sown there at the Saturday night prayer meetings and at family worship, buds, often speedily. Seven men avouched themselves to be the Lord's at the last Communion service at the Church of the Sea and Land. It is a symptom of good days coming that from many of the seamen's boarding houses men move *en masse* to hear the Gospel. The days of old "Jack Tar" are gone by, and men of the sea now long for the socialities of Christians and for the comforts of the Gospel. Your *Loan Libraries* have played no mean part in securing this much to be desired end."

### Our New Dress.

Messrs. HALLET & BREEN, successors to Stephen Hallet, 58 Fulton Street, have introduced us to our readers this number, in an entirely new, and we think, very beautiful attire. The type used for this, is from the Foundry of Bruce & Co., and gives an impression most pleasant for the eye to rest upon. It is easy to read. Our Subscribers will be grateful for the improved appearance we make. It will be our ambition to have the matter of the MAGAZINE every way worthy of the printers' endeavor to improve its typography. Mr Hallet, lately deceased, began to print the MAGAZINE in 1853. The present concern of HALLET & BREEN, we have found prompt and obliging: we cheerfully commend it to the patronage of our friends.

---

### Position of the Planets for February.

MERCURY sets, throughout this month, about two hours after the sun, and is very favorably situated for observation. It is close to the moon on the 17th.

VENUS is an evening star setting at the beginning of the month about 8 hours, P. M., 3 hours after sunset. It sets at the end about two hours later, rising respectively at 7 hours 30 minutes and 8 hours 45 minutes, A. M. On the afternoon of the 26th it is near the moon.

MARS rises throughout the month a little before sunrise, setting about 4 hours, P. M. It is very near the moon about the 22d.

JUPITER sets at the beginning of the month about 7 hours, P. M., and at the end an hour earlier. It is an evening star for a short time throughout the month, and is close to Mercury on the 17th.

SATURN rises about 2 hours, A. M., at the beginning of the month, setting at noon. It rises an hour earlier at the end of the month, setting about 10 A. M. B. B.



**Total Disasters reported in December.**

The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported as totally lost during the past month, is 53, of which 35 were wrecked, 12 abandoned, 3 burnt, 1 foundered, 2 sunk by collision. They are classed as follows: 2 steamers, 6 ships, 7 barks, 8 brigs, 29 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$1,350,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *f* foundered, *b* burnt, *s c* sunk by collision.

**STEAMERS.**

Sappho, *a*, from New York for Wilmington, N. C.  
Raleigh, *b*, from New York for New Orleans.

**SHIPS.**

Lydia Williams, *w*, from Liverpool for San Francisco.  
Consul, *b*, from Savannah for Liverpool.  
Thornton, *w*, from New York for Liverpool.  
Empire, *a*, from Quebec for Greenock.  
T. J. Southard, *w*, from New York for Liverpool.  
Live Oak, *w*, from Callao. (At Valencia.)

**BARKS.**

Guardian Angel, *w*, from Liverpool for New York.  
Maximilian, *w*, from Philadelphia for Antwerp.  
Regina, *w*, from Glasgow for Boston.  
Humboldt, *w*, from Baltimore for Bremen.  
Jane Ross, *w*, from Cardenas for New York.  
Erwin, *w*, from New York for Aspinwall.  
Palermo, *w*, from New Orleans for Vigo.

**BRIGS.**

Ada, *w*, from Portland for Halifax.  
Lucy Ann, *a*, from Elizabethport for Boston.  
Elias Dudley, *w*, from Bangor for New York.  
Martin Burns, *w*, from St. Martins for Philadelphia.  
Narraguagus, *w*, from Jacksonville for St. Croix.  
Jennie Achorn, *a*, from London for Philadelphia.  
Uncle Jerry, *a*, from Mobile for Portland.  
Mary E. Ladd, *f*, from New York for Matamoras.

**SCHOONERS.**

Comet, *w*, from Boston.  
Antelope, *a*, from Wilmington, N. C., for Baltimore.  
Belle Creole, *w*, from Boston for Belfast.  
A. P. Kemp, *w*, from Albany for Hempstead, L. I.  
Ora Moneta, *w*, from Hilton Head for Savannah.  
Samuel E. Sawyer, *w*, from Gloucester for Fortune, B. N.  
Superior, *a*, from New York for Boston.  
Mayflower, *w*, from Boston for Halifax.  
Hampden Belle, *a*, from Baltimore for Bath.  
Mary Ann, *w*, from Philadelphia for Alexandria.  
O. M. Pettit, *w*, from Baltimore for Providence.  
Enoch Pratt, *w*, from Georgetown, D. C., for Fall River.  
Jenny Lind, *w*, from Boston for Machias.  
Hattie Annah, *w*, from Lynn for Brookville.  
Edith Brown, *w*, from Pensacola for Brazos.  
Forest, *w*, from Boston for Millbridge.  
Northern Light, *s c*, from Boston for Eastport.  
Protection, *w*, from Boston.  
Amelia, *w*, from New York for Halifax.  
Anna Lenora, *w*, from Weymouth for Boston.  
Elk, *w*, from Gonaives for New York.

Orion, *w*, from Fall River for New York.  
Caleb Stetton, *a*, from Philadelphia for Brainerd.

Laura A. Dodd, *w*, from Gloucester for Newfoundland.

Panama, *a*, from New York for Rockland.

Palmerston, *b*, from Boston for Hillsboro, N. C.

Angeline, *w*, from Rockland.

Jonas Smith, *a*, from Baltimore for Matanzas.

Glide, *a*, from Boston for Damariscota.

**SLOOP.**

Casset, *s c*, from Rockport, Mass., for Boston.

The following recapitulation gives the number of vessels reported totally lost in each month during the year 1867, with their estimated valuation:

Month.	No. of Vessels.	Value.
January.....	64	\$1,100,000
February.....	52	1,500,000
March.....	40	1,892,000
April.....	48	1,054,000
May.....	42	1,314,000
June.....	31	722,000
July.....	23	488,000
August.....	42	565,000
September.....	26	595,000
October.....	46	870,000
November.....	53	1,086,000
December.....	53	1,350,000
Total.....	526	\$12,536,000

The total for the year 1866 was 551 vessels, valued at \$13,975,000.

**Receipts for December, 1867.****MAINE.**

Bangor, Hammond St. Cong. ch., S. S.,  
of which \$10 with prev. don. const.  
John Webster, L. M. \$15 for lib'y... \$25 00

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

Concord, H. P. Stone..... 1 00  
Mrs. Mary E. Prescott..... 1 50  
Henniker, Cong. ch., \$30 for library... 48 00  
North Sandwich, Cong. Church..... 3 50  
Sanbornton Bridge, Meth. Epis. ch.,  
additional..... 60  
South Sandwich, Cong. ch..... 4 50  
Windham, Mrs. E. Hills..... 5 00

**VERMONT.**

Bennington Center, George Lyman,  
M. D..... 1 00  
Castleton, First Cong. ch..... 13 16  
Fayetteville, Cong. ch..... 5 00  
West Rutland, Luke Ward..... 1 00

**MASSACHUSETTS.**

Amherst, Second ch..... 9 00  
Andover, Theological students for li-  
brary..... 20 00  
Ashby, Second Parish..... 9 85  
Attleboro, Friends, by Miss A. F.  
Kirk, library..... 12 00  
Auburndale, Nathan Mosman..... 5 00  
Boston, Old South ch..... 176 24  
Essex st. ch..... 238 47  
Mount Vernon ch..... 121 75  
Phillip's ch..... 75 86  
A class in S. S. for library..... 25 00  
Brighton, Cong. ch..... 42 65  
Charlestown, First Parish..... 32 82  
Chatham, Cong. ch..... 7 25

Essex, \$15 for library.....	40 00	Newburgh, First Pres. ch.....	77 07
Gloucester, Cong. ch.....	51 15	First Pres. ch. S. S., library.....	60 00
Groveland, Cong. ch., \$15 for library.....	16 00	Calvary Pres. ch.....	20 04
Lawrence, B. Coolidge.....	5 00	New Lebanon, Mrs. C. L. Churchill.....	1 00
C. A. Colby.....	1 00	New York City, Jas. P. Kernochan, at request of the late Mr. Peter Lorillard.....	1,000 00
Lowell, Free Will Bapt. ch., library.....	31 73	Coll. Ref. D. ch., of which, from a member of Ref. D. ch. chapel to const. Jos. W. Duryea L. D., Rev. Chas. E. Hart, Newark, N. J., and Rev. G. R. Langmuir, Morristown, N. J., L. M.'s.....	325 34
Lynn, Capt. S. Whitmore.....	1 00	Pacific Mail S. S. Co.....	100 00
Manchester, Rev. F. V. Tenny's ch.....	17 39	John C. Green.....	100 00
Milton, Mrs. Lucy Wadsworth, const. herself, Rev. Albert K. Teele, and Stillman Tucker, Jr., L. Ms.....	100 00	Alex. Van Renssalaer.....	50 00
North Amherst, Austin Loomis.....	25 00	Chas. N. Talbot.....	50 00
North Dighton, Mary Ide, for lib'y.....	34 68	Howland & Aspinwall.....	50 00
North Weymouth, Cong. ch.....	1 00	H.....	30 00
Pembroke, T. P. Doggett.....	71 75	John C. Sanford.....	25 00
Royalston, Cong. ch.....	14 95	Wm. Brinkerhoff.....	25 00
Sharon, Cong. ch.....	1 00	Capt. Nathaniel Briggs.....	25 00
South Danvers, Geo. P. Tilton.....	15 00	John Taylor Johnston.....	25 00
So. Cong. ch. S. S., for library.....	33 00	Wheeler & Wilson Co., per J. O. Woods.....	20 00
South Hadley, First Cong. ch.....	8 00	B. Livingston Kip.....	20 00
South Wellfleet, Cong. ch.....	15 95	Crew brig <i>Lizzie Troop</i> , per J. P. Wade.....	14 50
South Weymouth.....	10 00	B. B.....	10 00
Stockbridge, Mrs. T. P. Gillett.....	14 62	Capt. A. G. Higgins.....	5 00
Walpole.....	6 35	Wm. Couch.....	5 00
Warren, Cong. ch.....	20 75	Owego, Miss F. S. Platt, Christmas offering.....	10 00
West Boylston.....	161 84	Poughkeepsie, Mrs. W. C. S., library.....	5 00
Woburn, Cong. ch., 3 libraries.....	1 00	Rhinebeck, Thos. H. Suckley.....	9 00
Mrs. Mary Flint.....	5 00	Sag Harbor, Mrs. Hetty Parker.....	1 00
Worcester, Daniel Ward.....		Southampton, Mrs. S. H. Bennett.....	1 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Bethel, Eliz. B. Seelye, const. herself L. M.....	30 00
Rev. Geo. A. Pelton.....	2 00
Birmingham, Cong. ch., of which Henry Somers \$33 to const. David Somers L. M.....	82 11
Bristol, Union Thanksgiving.....	20 00
S. E. Root.....	5 00
Clinton, Mrs. M. Griffing.....	1 00
Goshen, Cong. ch.....	12 84
Rev. W. T. D.....	10 00
Huntington, Cong. ch. S. S.....	2 50
Naugatuck, Rev. C. S. Sherman.....	1 13
New Haven, Lyman Osborn.....	2 00
New Lebanon, B. Peabody.....	1 00
New London, Second Cong. ch.....	92 03
First Cong. ch.....	94 52
Norwalk, Ezra Hoyt.....	1 00
First Cong. ch., of which \$30 const. Mrs. Fanny Miller Bissel L. M.....	148 00
Norwich, Sarah L. Huntington.....	2 00
Second Cong. ch., of which \$30 from Gen. Williams and wife to const. Rev. Wm. Hutchinson L. M.....	122 05
Broadway Cong. ch., of which G. A. Jones \$15 for library, B. W. Thompson, \$25.....	139 88
J. L. Green.....	15 00
First Cong. ch.....	51 66
Rocky Hill, T. D. Williams.....	1 00
Sharon, Mrs. Ann M. E. Cowles, for ch. of Sea and Land.....	3 00
Southbury, C. G. Bostwick.....	5 00
Stratford, Col. G. Loomis, U. S. A.....	2 00
Unionville, First Cong. ch.....	11 75
Watertown, Chas. H. Buell.....	1 00
Westbrook, Mrs. Charles Chapman.....	1 00
West Hartford, Hezekiah Selden.....	1 00

## NEW YORK.

Binghamton, Jos. T. Ely.....	15 00
Pres. ch. S. S. library.....	45 00
Brooklyn, Central Cong. ch.....	33 39
Ross st. Pres. ch.....	109 74
Champlain, First Pres. ch. S. S., lib'y.....	23 00
Beaver Meadow Mission.....	2 00
Coxsackie, Second Ref. ch. S. S. const. Alexander Reed, L. M.....	25 00
East Pembroke, Rev. G. S. Corwin, const. Mrs. Chas. A. Lowry, Fort Wayne, Ind., L. M.....	30 00

Newburgh, First Pres. ch.....	77 07
First Pres. ch. S. S., library.....	60 00
Calvary Pres. ch.....	20 04
New Lebanon, Mrs. C. L. Churchill.....	1 00
New York City, Jas. P. Kernochan, at request of the late Mr. Peter Lorillard.....	1,000 00
Coll. Ref. D. ch., of which, from a member of Ref. D. ch. chapel to const. Jos. W. Duryea L. D., Rev. Chas. E. Hart, Newark, N. J., and Rev. G. R. Langmuir, Morristown, N. J., L. M.'s.....	325 34
Pacific Mail S. S. Co.....	100 00
John C. Green.....	100 00
Alex. Van Renssalaer.....	50 00
Chas. N. Talbot.....	50 00
Howland & Aspinwall.....	50 00
H.....	30 00
John C. Sanford.....	25 00
Wm. Brinkerhoff.....	25 00
Capt. Nathaniel Briggs.....	25 00
John Taylor Johnston.....	25 00
Wheeler & Wilson Co., per J. O. Woods.....	20 00
B. Livingston Kip.....	20 00
Crew brig <i>Lizzie Troop</i> , per J. P. Wade.....	14 50
B. B.....	10 00
Capt. A. G. Higgins.....	5 00
Wm. Couch.....	5 00
Owego, Miss F. S. Platt, Christmas offering.....	10 00
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. W. C. S., library.....	5 00
Rhinebeck, Thos. H. Suckley.....	9 00
Sag Harbor, Mrs. Hetty Parker.....	1 00
Southampton, Mrs. S. H. Bennett.....	1 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, Pres. ch., additional.....	2 00
Bound Brook, T. C. Pollock, for "Memorial" library, in name of Frederick H. Pollock.....	15 00
Clinton, Pres. ch.....	33 00
Meth. Epis. ch.....	4 56
Cranberry, Union S. S., F. Dye, lib'y.....	15 00
Flemington, Pres. ch. S. S., lib'y.....	15 00
Lafayette, Ref. D. ch. S. S. Missionary Society, library.....	15 00
Lambertville, Pres. ch.....	27 06
Lebanon, Ref. ch.....	18 00
Middlebush, Ref. D. ch., additional.....	11 00
Ref. D. ch. S. S., library.....	15 00
Newark, High st. Pres. ch. S. S., lib'y, additional.....	141 02
New Brunswick, Second Ref. D. S. S. library.....	30 00
Orange, Second Pres. ch.....	97 60
Plainfield, Ira Pruden const. himself L. M., and for Norfolk Bethel.....	50 00
Reaville, Pres. ch.....	9 64
Somerville, Ref. ch.....	27 42
Meth. Epis. ch.....	1 93

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Bloomsburgh, Jas. Boyd Neal, lib'y.....	12 00
Chambersburg, Stewart Kennedy, lib'y.....	15 00

## MINNESOTA.

East Castle Rock, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Stegner.....	6 00
--	------

## ILLINOIS.

Geneva, Lavinia Morrow.....	1 00
-----------------------------	------

## CANADA WEST.

Hamilton, Central Pres. ch., const. Charlton and Archibald McKeene L. M's.....	60 00
--	-------





Feb'y.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1868.

### The Boy's Resolve.

I would like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eye, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame; therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind and often destroys it, therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience, so that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting, therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a happy home and a happy fireside, where I could rejoice with loving brothers, and sisters, and parents. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable, therefore I will not drink at all.

I would like to go to Heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory forever. But they say that strong drink keeps men from enter-

ing into Heaven, and casts them down to hell, therefore I will not drink at all.—*English paper.*

### Different Kinds of Givers.

A little boy, who had plenty of cents, dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so, looked round with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a *brass* penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his cent with a throbbing heart,

saying to himself, "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen whom thou lovest will believe in thee, and become thy disciples." That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of love.

How many of our readers give golden pennies.—*Spirit of Missions.*

### Library Reports.

During the month of December, thirty seven libraries were sent from 80 Wall Street. The following have been returned, refitted and reshipped:

No. 537—The captain writes. "In returning this library, which has been on board my vessel over a year, I would express my sincere thanks for the use of it. The books have all been read, (some of them several times), by myself, officers and crew, and they have been of great service to all of us. I wish another.

Yours, &c., W. S."  
Gone to St. Thomas.

No. 719—Has been several voyages to California. The books have been read by several different crews. Returned much used, and gone to West Indies.

No. 726—Returned. Reshipped on schooner "*Royal Arch*," for Aspinwall.

No. 817—Has been several voyages to West Indies, captain states that the books have been read by different crews, and produced a good influence. One signed the pledge, and one left off swearing. Refitted and gone to West Indies.

No. 1119—Returned. Refitted and gone to Mansanilla.

No. 1657—Returned in good condition; books well read. Reshipped on *Martha Maria*, for Aspinwall.

No. 1668—Has been several voyages. Returned in good order, with thanks of captain. Reshipped on brig, "*Ida*," for Rio Grande.

No 1731—Returned from several

voyages; books had evidently been read. Refitted and shipped on brig, "*Swanee*," for Demerara.

No. 1753—Returned in good condition; reshipped on brig "*George Harris*," for Cardenas, in care of a pious captain.

No. 1763—Has been several voyages to West Indies; "books read and appreciated by officers and men," shipped on brig, *Penniman*, for St. Croix.

No. 1921—Has been three voyages to South America; "books read by officers and crew." Refitted and gone to Apalachicola.

No. 1926—Has been a voyage to San Francisco; returned in good order; the books were twice read by officers and crew, with interest and profit, especially by the 1st. officer, who has been converted during the voyage. Reshipped on bark, "*C. E. McNeil*."

No. 1934—Been two voyages to Europe; Captain states that the books were highly prized, and read by himself, and a large number on board; expressed his thanks for its use. Reshipped for Cuba.

No. 1987—Been two voyages to South America; books were all read. Returned in good order, with the thanks of the captain. Reshipped on "*H. Newell*," for Galveston.

No. 848—Returned in good order and gone to sea on fourth voyage.

No. 2637—Returned, with report of prayer-meetings held on ship-board; gone to sea on schooner Oneida.

No. 2212—Has returned and gone to West Indies.

No. 2628—Returned in good condition, and gone to sea in same vessel.

No. 2090—Returned from third voyage with good report, and gone to Baltimore.

No. 2605—Returned from its second voyage; has done much good, is again at sea.



No. 945—Returned with good report and gone to Savannah.

No. 2082—"The library is still in my possession and much read. I think oftimes could those who have devised this method of good for seamen, but see the real enjoyment we derive from our library, they would be amply repaid." H. A. B.

No. 1394—The missionary who has this library, writes from the *Bombay Sailor's Home*. "I thank God that I attended your prayer-meetings at the Home. I attend meetings here every night, instead of going to the grog shops, as I used to do, I am thankful for the library." E. S.

No. 2640—The sailor having this library in charge, reports from London. While in that port he is laboring among the degraded, leading them to Christ.

PANAMA, Dec. 9th, 1867.

No. 2362—*Dear Sir*, your library arrived safe, and is now on board the Steamer Montijo. It is a very great pleasure to me to see it here, and I hope through God's blessing, it will be the means of much good.

It shall ever be my interest to see it used as your noble Society would desire, so long as I remain an officer of the ship. Many, many thanks to you for the grant.

Yours, very respectfully,  
JOHN ILLINGWORTH.

### The Bible read through in a Year.

To accomplish this, it is necessary to read three chapters daily, and each Sunday two additional chapters, making five for that day.

Much the easiest way to do this, is to read two chapters in the Old, and one in the New Testament, daily, and, on Sunday, two Psalms for the additional chapters. This will avoid five long chapters on Sunday, which are apt to prove wearisome and discouraging, especially to the young.

Three chapters daily, and two additional on the Sabbath, will amount to 1,199 chapters in the year. In the Old Testament are 929 chapters, in the New Testament 260 chapters,

making 1,189 in all. By counting each two divisions of the CXIX Psalm as a chapter, we shall add just ten chapters, making 1,199; the exact number needed for the year's reading.

We give below, a table, made upon this plan, showing weekly throughout the year, where the reading for the date given should commence:

Jan.		July.	
1, Gen. 1 . . .	Matt. 1.	2, 1 Chr. 27. 1	Thes. 1.
8, " 15. . .	" 8.	9, 2 Chr. 12. 2	Thes. 3.
15, " 29. . .	" 15.	16, " 26. 2	Tim. 1.
22, " 43. . .	" 22.	23, Ezr. 4 . . .	Phile. 1.
29, Exod. 7. . .	Mark 1.	30, Neh. 8 . . .	Heb. 7.
Feb.		Aug.	
5, Exod. 21. . .	Mark 8.	6, Esth. 9 . . .	Jam. 1.
12, " 35. . .	" 15.	13, Job 13 . . .	1 Pet. 3.
19, Lev. 9 . . .	Luke 6.	20, " 27 . . .	1 Jno. 2.
26, " 23. . .	" 13.	27, " 41 . . .	Rev. 1.
Mar.		Sept.	
5, Num. 10. . .	Luke 20.	3, Prov. 13 . . .	Rev. 8.
12, " 24. . .	Jno. 3.	10, " 27. . .	" 15.
19, Deut. 2 . . .	" 10.	17, Eccl. 10 . . .	" 22.
26, " 16. . .	" 17.	24, Isa. 4 . . .	Psa. 111.
April.		Oct.	
2, Deut. 30. . .	Acts 3.	1, Isa. 18. . .	Psa. 118.
9, Josh. 10. . .	" 10.	8, " 32. . .	" 119.
16, " 24. . .	" 17.	15, " 46. . .	" 122.
23, Jud. 14. . .	" 24.	22, " 60. . .	" 129.
30, 1 Sam. 3 . . .	Rom. 3.	29, Jer. 8 . . .	" 136.
May.		Nov.	
7, 1 Sam. 17. .	Rom. 10.	5, Jer. 22. . .	Psa. 143.
14, " 31. . .	1 Cor. 1.	12, " 36. . .	" 150.
21, 2 Sam. 14. .	" 8.	19, " 50. . .	Amos 7.
28, 1 King. 4 . .	" 15.	26, Eze. 7 . . .	Jano. 4.
June.		Dec.	
4, 1 Kings, 18.2	Cor. 6.	3, Eze. 21. . .	Mic. 7.
11, 2 Kings, 10. .	" 13.	10, " 35. . .	Zeph. 1.
18, " 24. Eph. 1. .	" 17.	Dan. 1 . . .	Zech. 3.
25, 1 Chr. 13. Phil. 2.	" 24.	Hoz. 3 . . .	" 10.
		31, Joel 3 . . .	Mal. 3.

Read two Psalms each Sunday.

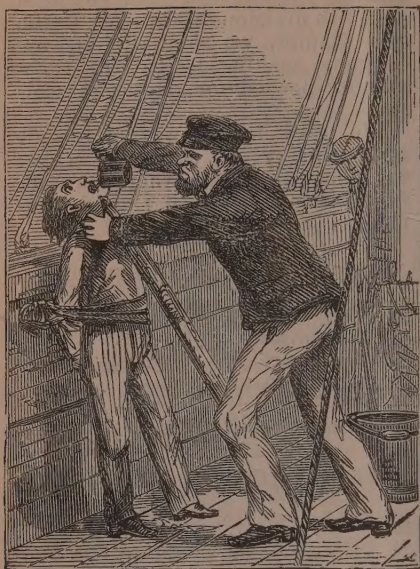
Read two Chapters in Old Testament and one in New Testament daily. Count each two divisions of CXIX Psalm as a chapter. Sept. 18, begin at CV Psalm. Nov. 13, begin Amos. Leap year, omit reading in course Feb. 29.

### Try and Save One.

"Souls are perishing before thee,  
Save, save one;  
It may be thy crown of glory,  
Save, save one;  
From the waves that would devour,  
From the raging lion's power,  
From destruction's fiery shower,  
Save, save one."

### Ps. 119: 9.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.



### Treatment of Stowaways.

Many boys are fond of reading sea-stories and fancy that they would like to run away to sea. Let our sketch teach them that all captains are not as kind as those in books, and let them bear much before they throw themselves into the way of brutality.

Thomas Costello and Thomas Furlong stowed themselves away in the bark *T. H. Armstrong*, when she was about leaving Liverpool. When they were discovered the Captain tied them to a stanchion. Costello was propped up by a sharp stick under his chin, forcing him to hold his head back; in eight hours he was treated to sea-water, half a pint at a time. He was frequently washed in lime, and sea-water scrubbed with a hard brush, and then polished with sand-paper.

*Moral*—Little boys, don't run away to sea.

### Good for nothing.

A gentleman, while addressing some children, took out his watch, and asked them what it was for.

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Well, suppose it won't keep time, and can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It's good for nothing," they replied.

He then took out a lead pencil, and asked what it was for.

"It is to mark with," was the answer.

"But suppose the lead is out, and it won't mark, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing," said the children.

He then took out a pocket-knife, and asked what was its use.

"To whittle with," said some.

"To cut," said others.

"Suppose that it has no blade, then what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Then a watch, or pencil, or knife, is good for nothing unless it can do the thing for which it was made?"

"No, sir," the children all answered.

"Well, children, what is a boy or girl made for?"

The children hesitated.

"What is the answer to the question, 'What is the chief end of man?'" asked the gentleman.

"To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever."

"Now, then, if a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, and glorify God, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound,—

"Good for nothing."

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., } *Cor. Secretaries.*  
REV. S. H. HALL D. D., }

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OFFICES } 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
AND } S. Home, Phil'a, Rev. E. N. SAWTELL, D.D.  
ADDRESS } 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES.

### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest, more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath-School or individual who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.